

LICKING VALLEY COURIER.
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April 7, 1910, at the postoffice at West Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
H. G. COTTLE, Editor.

Democrats do hate a dull time.

The Democracy chose a Moses—not Jonah.

Subscribe for the COURIER, Teachers, this means "U."

If Morgan hasn't the best corps of teachers of any mountain county in the state, why not.

A New York Health culture faddist says that to remain beautiful, woman should talk to themselves, but those who remain beautiful don't have to.

The south Dakota Republican state convention refused to instruct its delegates for Taft and Sherman. It seems that even with the steam-roller nomination that Mr. Taft may not get the electors in the electoral college from some of the States, even should the Republicans get a majority of the votes in November. The plutocrats have handed Taft only an empty honor. He can't come within a million miles of being elected.

If the COURIER isn't worth \$1.00 a year to you don't take it. We are not asking for charity. We will give you \$2.00 worth for every dollar you spend for subscription.

You are cordially invited to become a subscriber and if you are progressive you will. But don't subscribe unless you will get value received for your money. If you are not broad enough to recognize the advantage to be derived from reaching your home paper we don't want your name on our subscription list. We want thinkers as well as readers. See?

Teachers, are you aware that you are engaged in the noblest profession on earth? Are you sensible of the responsibilities that rest upon you? Do you realize that there is nothing so wonderful as the budding soul of a little child? Have you thought of all these things? Have you seriously considered what it means to have temporary oversight of 40 60 or 100 little minds? If you have not given this matter serious consideration you have fallen short in the first principle of pedagogy. Ask yourself a serious question along these lines and record the answer truly.

The nomination of Woodrow Wilson by the Baltimore convention assures Democracy of success in November. Wilson is a man of action and safely progressive. His official record as governor of New Jersey proves that he is honest to the core and can not be influenced by the interests. The platform upon which he is running is a clear cut document without any evasions. The only hope that the great masses have is in Wilson and the Democratic party.

To those who look at the situation closely and dispassionately must see that the

GIVE THE MOUNTAINS A CHANCE

JUDGE A. J. KIRK FOR APPELLATE JUDGE

Judge Andrew J. Kirk, of Paintsville, Johnson County, Kentucky is a candidate for Judge of the Appellate Court from this the Seventh Appellate District. He has served two terms as Circuit Judge of the Twenty-fourth Judicial District, being elected the last time without opposition from either Republicans or Democrats. He is seldom reversed in the Court of Appeals and has made a record to be proud of as Circuit Judge. He is well qualified to fill this office, is the logical candidate at this time, is a deserving Republican, and is a mountain man.

This office has been held by a Montgomery County man for the past forty-six years. It is time the mountain people were given some representation. Friends of Judge Kirk over the district are confident he will win, and he is becoming more popular each day.

The Primary election will be held on Saturday August 3rd. Let every Republican in the county go to the polls and help Judge Kirk, a mountain man, and the son of an old soldier, win the nomination.

great masses of the people can have no hope of relief from the heavier growing burdens from Taft and the monopoly-controlled Republican party, and no one can have confidence in the progressive Republican element so long as they are dominated by Roosevelt.

So the only hope that is held out to the farmer and the laborer is the election of Wilson and Marshall, and that is as surely certain as mundane affairs can be.

GUMPTION

While is Common Sense without Educational Furbelows.

BY L. T. HOVERMALE.

Schools and Teachers.

An ancient king once asked a philosopher the question: "What shall we teach our boys?" The sage replied: "Teach them something that will be of use to them as men." That answer is the sum total of the purpose of the school. In this age when

the struggle for existence is so fierce, the better equipping the boys and girls for the battle of life is the paramount intent of our public educational scheme. From this viewpoint I am writing and what I say may displease some, as wholesome truths usually do, but this is a question too momentous to allow temporizing.

The thing that cripples the cause of public education in Kentucky is that we have so few professional teachers, or, to express it more aptly, teaching in this State has not arrived to the dignity of a profession. Few prepare to make teaching a life-work. Ergo, there is a lack of definite purpose, an absence of soul, in the attempt that makes public education almost farcical. Our boys obtain certificates and secure schools in order to earn money to prepare for something else, our girls to be able to buy an elaborate trousseau, and neither have the love for the work nor the realization of responsibility that is necessary to real teaching. Too often it is a despised stepping-stone to the ultimate vocation of life.

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Financial Statement of Morgan County

For the year 1911

Special February Term, 1912.

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Frater, Charles, 1 day Fiscal Court

Short, W. G., 2 days Fiscal Court

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My Lady of Doubt

BY RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Loose Under Fire," "My Lady of the North," and other stories

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY THIEDE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Major Lawrence, son of Judge Lawrence of Virginia, whose wife was Lee, is sent on a perilous mission by Gen. Washington just after the winter at Valley Forge.

CHAPTER II.—Disguised in a British uniform arrives within the enemy lines.

CHAPTER III.—The Major attends a great fete and sees the "Lady of the Blended Rose" from mob. He later meets the girl at a brilliant ball.

CHAPTER IV.—Trouble is started over a wallet. Lawrence is urged by his wife, Mrs. Mortimer, (the Lady of the Blended Rose), to make his escape.

CHAPTER V.—Lawrence is detected as a spy by Captain Grant of the British army, who agreed to a duel.

CHAPTER VI.—The duel is stopped by Grant's friends and the spy makes a dash for liberty, swimming a river following a narrow escape.

CHAPTER VII.—The Major arrives at the shop of a blacksmith, who is friendly and knows the Lady of the Blended Rose.

CHAPTER VIII.—Captain Grant and his men arrive and search the blacksmith shop in vain for the spy.

CHAPTER IX.—Lawrence joins the minute men who capture Grant and his men.

CHAPTER X.—Major Lawrence is made prisoner by an Indian and two white men.

CHAPTER XI.—Lawrence's captors lock him in a strong cell, where he meets Peter the jailer.

CHAPTER XII.—Peter abhors Lawrence and tries to escape as some one will send for him.

CHAPTER XIII.—Grant's appearance adds mystery to the combination of circumstances.

CHAPTER XIV.—Lawrence again meets the Lady of the Blended Rose, who informs him that he is in her house and that she was the commanding general of the party that attacked and captured him.

CHAPTER XV.—The captive is thrust into a dark underground chamber where Captain Grant begins a search of the premises.

CHAPTER XVI.—After digging his way out, Lawrence finds the place deserted. Evidence of a battle and a dead man across the threshold.

CHAPTER XVII.—Col. Mortimer, father of the Lady of the Blended Rose, finds his home in ruins.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Capt. Grant insists that Lawrence be strung up at once.

CHAPTER XIX.—Miss Mortimer, a popular, exciting mystery girl, and her friends hold a secret meeting, and they again looked in the wrong room.

CHAPTER XX.—Lawrence escapes through a hole arranged by the Lady and sees Grant attack Miss Mortimer.

CHAPTER XXI.—Grant is knocked out by Lawrence, who comes to Miss Mortimer's relief, and then makes his escape.

CHAPTER XXII.—Captain Grant's base willfully revealed.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Lawrence is best accomplished through Eric. Although in different armies, striving against each other in the field, there must still exist some means of communication between father and son, or, if not, then between brother and sister.

With flint and steel I built a small fire of leaves in a cleft beside the road, and fed to the flames one by one the papers from the packet, glancing over each one again to make sure of its contents; all were addressed alike, simply "Mortimer," but upon two I found the word "Elmhurst." It was easy to see how the discovery of such communiqués would tempt an unscrupulous scoundrel like Grant to use them to injure another, and who his own end, but why had that young Eric failed to destroy them as soon as received?

When the last paper had been reduced to ashes, I stamped out the embers of fire under my boot heel, and, with lighter heart, rode down the hill toward the ford.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Between Love and Duty. It was already growing dusk when I rode into our little at Valley Forge. A brief interview with Colonel Hamilton revealed his appreciation of my work, and that my brashly made notes of the Philadelphia defenses had been received twenty-four hours earlier. They had been delivered at headquarters by an officer of Lee's staff; no, not a hotheaded fellow, but a black-bearded captain whose name had been forgotten. All Hamilton could remember was that the notes had been originally brought in by an Indian scout. Eager to discover Eric Mortimer, I asked a week's release from duty, but there was so much sickness in the camp, that this request was refused, and I was ordered to my regiment.

Days and nights of fatigue followed. Washington, watching like a hawk every movement of Sir Henry Clinton in Philadelphia, convinced by every report received that he was about to evacuate the city, beat all his energies toward placing his little army in fit condition for battle. Some recruits were received, the neighboring militia were drawn up, and men were taken from the hospitals, and put back into the ranks as soon as strong enough to bear arms. Inspired by the indomitable spirit of our commander, the line officers worked incessantly at the welding together of their

I scarcely knew what the importance of the out of troops held me. I came to us Esting, was ap-

mailing commands pressed farther north, near convenient crossings of the Delaware, prepared for a forced march across the British lines of retreat. Maxwell's brigade, with which I was connected, even crossed the river in advance, co-operating with General Dickinson and his New Jersey militia. All was excitement, commotion, apparently disorder, yet even amid that tumult of approaching battle, Hamilton recalled his men, and granted me two days' leave. His brief notes reached me at Coryell's Ferry, and an hour later, I was riding swiftly across the country to where Lee had headquarters.

Not once during all those days and nights had the memory of Claire left me. Over and over in my mind I had reviewed all that had ever occurred between us, striving in vain to guess the riddle. Now I would see and talk with her brother, and perhaps obtain the explanation needed. Yet I have gone into battle with less trepidation than when I rode into Lee's headquarters, and asked his chief-staff for Eric Mortimer. He looked at me strangely, as I put the question.

"I should be very glad to oblige you, Major Lawrence," he replied gravely, "but unfortunately I have no present knowledge of the young man."

"But he was attached to General Lee's staff?"

"Only in a way—he was useful to us as a scout because of his intimacy with the men of the Jersey. His home, I understand, was near Mount Holly."

"What has become of him?"

"All I know is, he was sent out on a special mission, by Washington's own orders, nearly a month ago. We have not directly heard from him since. An Indian brought a partial report of his operations up to that time; since then we have received nothing."

"An Indian!" I exclaimed. "The same who brought in my notes?"

"I believe so; yes, now that I recall the matter. I had no opportunity to question the fellow; he simply left the papers with the orderly, and disappeared."

"And you have heard nothing from young Mortimer since?"

"Not a word."

"He must be dead, or a prisoner."

The chief smiled rather grimly. "Deserted," he said sharply. "I am more inclined toward that theory. He was a reckless young devil, attracted to our service more. It seemed to me, by a spirit of dare-devilry than patriotism. Lee thought well of him, but he was suspicious. He belonged to a family of loyalists, his father a colonel of Queen's Rangers. Did you know him, Lawrence?"

"The father, not the son. But I am not willing to believe evil of the boy. I cannot conceive that treachery is in the Mortimer blood, sir, and shall have to be convinced before I condemn the lad. When did he leave here last?"

"About the middle of May."

"Would you mind telling me his mission? Where he was sent?"

The officer glanced keenly into my

CHAPTER XXIV.

Forcing Clinton to Battle.

I was left behind at Coryell's Ferry, for the purpose of hastening forward any supplementary orders from Washington, when Maxwell, and the Jersey militiamen, pressed forward in an effort to retard the march of the enemy. From the reports of scouts, we began to understand what was occurring.

Before dawn on the eighteenth of June the British army began leaving the city, crossing the Delaware at Gloucester point, and by evening the motley host, comprising Regulars, Hessians, Loyalists, and a swarm of camp followers, were halted near Haddonfield, five miles southeast of Camden.

In an agony of apprehension I asked for a scouting detail in that direction, but was sternly refused. Word had come that Clinton was evacuating Philadelphia; that his advance was already across the Delaware. Any movement might bring to our little army orders to press forward to intercept him. I was a soldier, compelled to remain.

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